



DISCOVERY

The **Discovery** is published by **Prime Time Inc.**, a private firm in no way connected with the United States Air Force, under exclusive contract with Brooks Air Force Base, Texas.

This commercial enterprise newspaper is an authorized publication for members of the military services. Contents of the **Discovery** are not necessarily the official views of, or endorsed by, the United States Government, the Department of Defense or the United States Air Force.

The appearance of advertising in this publication, including inserts and supplements, does not constitute endorsement by the Department of Defense, the Department of the Air Force or **Prime Time Corp.** of the products or services advertised.

Everything in this publication is edited, prepared and provided by the 311th Human Systems Wing Public Affairs Office of Brooks Air Force Base. Material for the **Discovery** should be typewritten, double-spaced and submitted to 311HSW/PA, 2510 Kennedy Circle, Suite 116, Brooks AFB, TX 78235-5120 by noon the Wednesday prior to the week of publication. All photos are Air Force photos unless otherwise indicated. Articles may also be submitted by fax by calling 536-3235 or by e-mail.

Articles may be e-mailed to steve.vanwert@brooks.af.mil or discovery@brooks.af.mil.

The **Discovery** is published every other week on Friday. Contact the editor at 536-5141 for more information.

Discovery advertising

Deadline for display advertising is noon the Friday preceding the publication date. To advertise in the **Discovery**, call 675-4500 or send advertising copy to **Prime Time Military Newspapers, P.O. Box 27040, San Antonio, Texas 78227.**

Discovery Editorial Staff:

311th Human Systems Wing Commander

Brig. Gen. Lloyd Dodd

Director of Public Affairs

Larry Farlow

Editor

Steve VanWert

(steve.vanwert@brooks.af.mil)

Public Affairs NCOIC

Staff Sgt. John Jung

Prime Time Corp. Staff Writer

Cerise Fenton

Photography

Senior Master Sgt. T.C. Coaxum

Tech. Sgt. Pedro Ybanez

Staff Sgt. Sabrina Johnson

Discovery logo

by Arlene Schirmer



Sylvia Black, Publisher
Pia Goodman, Prod. Mgr.
Pat McCain, Classified Mgr.
Carol Kime, Business Mgr.
Diane Bohl, Sales Manager
Sherry Snoga, Account Exec.
Rose Stewart, Account Exec.
Lance Tindol, Account Exec.
Steve Kalaher, Account Exec.
Leticia Tilley, Account Exec.

Advertising

(210) 675-4500

FAX:

(210) 675-4577

E-mail:

sblack@txdirect.net



William A. Johnson

President

Robert L. Jones II

Chief Operating Officer

Gregg R. Rosenfield

Senior Vice President Sales

and Marketing

Community Newspapers:

North San Antonio Times — Northside Recorder

Bulverde Community News — Southside Reporter

The Herald

Military Newspapers:

Fort Sam Houston News Leader

Lackland Talespinner — Kelly Observer

Medical Patriot — Randolph Wingspread

Brooks Discovery

Specialty Publications:

San Antonio Medical Gazette — Daily Commercial

Recorder — San Antonio Medicine —

San Antonio Lawyer — Que Pasa!

Graphics & Printing Services:

Prime Time Graphics

Christopher Press (Web printing)

Commentary

From the VANtage Point

Do you remember?

By **Steve VanWert**

Discovery editor

Comments? steve.vanwert@brooks.af.mil

This column is for us old guys and gals, the ones whose memories may not be quite as sharp as they used to be, but still hold a treasure trove of emotion.

Actually, I've been meaning to write this column for quite some time, but I keep forgetting about it. I guess that qualifies me as the type of person who remembers such things as: black-jack chewing gum, wax Coca Cola-shaped bottles filled with colored sugar water, candy cigarettes (how politically incorrect!), telephone party lines, telephone numbers with a word prefix (mine was En-8-3704 as a child – it stood for "Endicott"), S&H green stamps and Howdy Doody.

I also remember sipping a lemon coke and putting nickels into a little juke box hanging on the wall next to one of the booths in Rhodes Drug Store, using a skate key to put on roller skates and listening to 8-track tapes. I remember metal ice-cube trays with handles you pulled to release the ice, girls who wore scarves around their pony tails (just so us smart aleck boys could pull on the scarf and not the hair), and playing 45 rpm records.

I remember going out the front door, opening up a little silver box and finding fresh milk every morning. It came in glass bottles with little cardboard stoppers. I remember my mother leaving a note inside the box asking for butter or, if I begged, chocolate milk. I also remember buying stamps from the postman as he delivered our mail.

St. Patrick's Day celebrates Ireland's patron saint

By **1st Lt. Sonya Ferreira**

Chief, Brooks Military Equal Opportunity

For hundreds of years, Ireland has celebrated the life of St. Patrick, its patron saint. St. Patrick was born to a wealthy family near the end of the fourth century. When he was a teenager, Irish raiders attacked his family and took him prisoner. While in captivity, he was alone and afraid, and was working as a shepherd. It was during this time he turned to religion for comfort, becoming a devout Christian.

After he escaped captivity, St. Patrick spent 15 years in religious training before he was ordained a priest. He was sent to Ireland as a missionary, to minister to Christians in Ireland and to persuade the natives to turn away from their pagan gods. His mission lasted 30 years before his death around 460 AD. St. Patrick's Day is a religious feast that recognizes the anniversary of his death.

In 1845, Irish settlers began to immigrate to the United States in mass numbers during the Great Potato Famine. Nearly a million impoverished Irishmen came to America searching for refuge. Since America

Do you remember Romper Room and penny candy? How about straining to hear the lyrics of "Louie, Louie" on a transistor radio? Of course, if you were affluent enough, you might have a HiFi in the living room. Those were the people who could afford to put Hi Test gas in their Studebakers.

Do you remember when a No. 2 pencil was the only type of pencil you ever heard of? And all the cool guys wore thin-legged jeans, white socks and penny loafers? And the really cool ones rolled a pack of cigarettes up in the sleeve of their white t-shirt?

I remember Saturday morning cartoons like Fat Albert, the Road Runner and Bugs Bunny, cartoons that weren't glorified commercials for plastic action figures and toys. Besides, all the good toys were made by Mattel.

I remember watching the Three Stooges on the old Sally Starr Show on Philadelphia afternoon television. I remember Roy Rogers, the King of the Cowboys, and Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier.

I remember playing hide-and-go-seek at dusk in the front yard, or at least until we heard the tinny sounds of the Good Humor Man's truck chugging down the street, filled to the brim with Push-Ups and Rockets and fudgsicles. I remember playing hopscotch, jacks, kickball, dodgeball and yelling "olly, olly, oxen free!" And I remember dares and double dares and double dog dares and Mother May I?

Did you ever catch lightening bugs in a jar? Play cops and robbers? Cowboys and Indians?

I remember when there were only two kinds of sneakers in the world – Keds and PF Flyers. I remember when decisions were made by going "eenie, meenie, minie, mo" and cuts and bruises were made better by your mom's kiss. And I remember taking clothes pins and attaching baseball cards to the spokes of my bicycle.

And I remember carrying my best girl's books to class and holding hands in the hallway until caught by the hall monitor. I remember playing pinball years before Sega or Super Nintendo. As a matter of fact, I remember trying out the first Pong game and feeling out of touch already.

There are so many things that make up the texture of our lives. So many bright days and exciting nights. Even rainy afternoons and waking up abruptly from a nightmare (I knew I shouldn't have gone to see "Tarantula" by myself) are important parts of our lives.

Each of these moments, no matter how small, no matter how ordinary, no matter how traumatic, are the hitching posts we tie our lives up to. They give us an anchor; they define who we were, who we are and who we are to become.

And I'll remember one more thing: all my friends at Brooks. Each of you is placed in his or her own peculiar niche in my memory. You helped define me and my years at Brooks.

And I won't forget you.